

The family of Earlston is said to
be a junior Branch of the
House of Lochnivar - as
which till lately was
the Viscounty of Kenmure
Sir John who erected or
rather repaired the Tomb
of Sir William in the Church
Yard of Glasgow died
unhappy since 17 October 1796
He married Anne daughter
of Myles (in 1773) the
Engineer. His nephew
Sir John born on 4th
October 1780 succeeded
to the title and Estate

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THE HISTORY

OF THE

Birth, Life, and Death,

Of the Honourable

Sir WILLIAM GORDON,
OF EARLSTOUN:

Who Died a Martyr for Religion,
June 22d, 1679. Aged 65 Years.

BEING

A Renown'd contending Hero, for the True
Reformed Religion, Liberty, and Laws
of Scotland.

To which is added, An EPITAPH, inscribed on a
large Marble Monument erected over his Grave in
the Church-Yard of Glasfoord.

This Valiant Champion for th' Reform'd Cause,
For Liberty, and Scotland's ancient Laws,
Contended boldly to his latest breath,
And seal'd the Cause by suffering unto death.

F A L K I R K :

Printed and sold by PATRICK MAIR,
At his New Printing-Office, in the High-Street
opposite the Cross-Wells.—Where great variety
of Pamphlets may be had very cheap, either in
Wholesale or Retail. 1782.

him. But after the Restoration of Charles II. and the High Commission being then erected, would not suffer him to live in peace; and would have taken his life, for allowing the Out-lawed Ministers to lodge in his House, and Preach in his Ground.

But the Earl of Glencairn having a great regard for Earlstoun, got him summoned before the Council, where he boldly acknowledged and defended himself: But because he would not give promise not to give countenance to the Ministers in time coming, he was banished the Kingdom, and resided in London incog, till about the rising of Pentland, when he was taken up as a suspected person concerned in that rising. But Lauderdale being his relation and intimate acquaintance, produced an intercepted Letter of his, wrote to his friend, *Gordon of Dendeuch*, advising him against that rising; on which he was not only freed from the charge, but allowed to return home; where he continued till the rising at Bothwell-Bridge, when matters were come to that pass, that it was absolutely necessary to apply to the last remedy: He therefore sent his son, Mr Alexander, before him, but with express orders to take no command upon him, till he came up: But staying longer than he intended, settling the affairs of his family, got only the length of Carscallan, a country Village between Hamilton and Glasford, when attacked by a party of Dragoons, who offering to make him prisoner, he, with the help of his Livery-Servants made a bold defence, till one of the party came

came behind, and shot him through the body. The Battle being over, which he knew nothing of, he refused to surrender, the Dragoons being in pursuit.

But those that would know the full History of Sir William and his Son Alexander's sufferings, must read Wodrow's History, and Crookshank's Abridgment of it.

In the year 1648, he married Lady Mary Hope, second Daughter of *Sir John Hope* of *Craigiehall*, Precedent of the Court of Session. She was a Lady of singular piety, prudence, and patience, under all his and her sufferings, as Rutherfoord's Letters do testify.

Sir William was a man of great learning, piety, and natural parts; and confuted the Curate of Parton-Church, in Galloway, and put him to silence in presence of his own Congregation, to their great satisfaction.

He was a comely, stately Man, and noted for the most moderate Man in his time, in eating and drinking, sleeping and recreations: But a Gentleman of bold and undaunted courage, especially in vindicating and defending the Rights and Priviledges of his Country, both in matters sacred and civil, and may justly be reputed an eminent Pillar of this Nation, by all the friends of the Covenanted Reformation Principles of these Nations.

Upon the fall of this great Man, his body was interred, by friends, in the Church-Yard of Glasfoord, where a stately Monument was erected: But the same being much decayed, and going into disrepair, was repaired in June 1772, by *Sir John Gordon* of *Earlstoun*.
Great-

Great-Grand-Son of the said *Sir William*,
and now the 2nd Generation, in a direct line,
as Heirs to that Honourable Family.

Upon a large Marble, fixed in the face of
said Tomb, the said present *Earlstoun* caused
the followidg *Epitaph* to be Inscribed, and
is as follows, viz.

To the Memory of
Sir WILLIAM GORDON, of *Earlstoun*,

A stench Patriot of Scotland, and Pillar
of that Church:

Shot by a Party of Dragoons,
On his Way to Hamilton, June 22d, 1679.

Aged 65 Years.

Inscribed by his Great Grand-Son,
Sir JOHN GORDON, Bart.

June 11th, 1772.

Follows the EPI T A P H, viz.

SILENT, till now, full Ninety Years hath stood,
This humble Monument of Guiltless Blood!

Tyrannick foes forbade his fate to name, [shame,
Left his known worth, should prove the Tyrant's

On Bothwell-Road, with love of Freedom fir'd,
The Tyrant's minions boldly him requir'd

To stop and yield, or it his life should cost!

This He disdain'd, not knowing all was lost!

On which they fir'd, Heav'n so decreed his doom!
Far from his own, sleeps in this silent Tomb!

How leagu'd with Patriots, to maintain the Cause
Of True Religion, Liberty, and Laws!

How Learn'd, how soft his Manners, free from pride!

How clear his judgment! How he liv'd and dy'd!

They well could tell, who weeping round him stood
On neighbouring plains, that drank his patriot blood!

In short, This Godly Man, who from his birth,
Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth!
Both claim'd Him, pleaded for him, either cry'd,
This Man is mine! At length they did divide.

Heav'n got his Soul, the Earth his Corpse did seize,
Yet not in fee, she only holds in lease,
With this proviso, When the Judge shall call,
Earth shall give up her lease, and Heav'n have all!

On the Back of the TOMB, facing the Highway,
Inscribed thus:

If a hard fate demands, or claims a Tear,
Stop Christian Passenger, and shed it here.

*An EPITAPH upon the Grave-Stone of
the Rev. Mr THOMAS BALLANTINE,
who was Ordained Minister at Sanquhar,
Sep. 22d, 1742. and Died Feb. 28th, 1744,
Aged 39 Years.*

THIS sacred Herald, whose sweet mouth
spread Gospel-Light abroad,
Like Timothy was but a youth,
and yet a Man of God.

Soon did the young, yet ready Scribe,
a friend for Christ appear;

And was among the Associate Tribe
a Covenanted Seer.

He for the Reformation-Cause
contended with renown;

Among that noted Number was
the first that gain'd the Crown*.

His zealous Soul, with hasty pace,
did mortal life despise,

To feed the Lambs around the place
where now his body lies.

*He was the first of the Associate Ministers who
Died after Renewing of the Covenants.

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*An ODE to the New-Year, Old Stile,
being Sunday, 1st January, 1783.*

- 1 **O**F all the Gifts that God unto
the sons of Men hath given,
The greatest on this day arose,
to pave the way to Heav'n.
- 2 Thy praise, O Jesus, Zion's King,
with pleasure will I sing!
Awake, O gratitude, and join
with me the Heav'nly strain.
- 3 This ever-memorable day
my Soul will ne'er forget!
For on his glorious, lovely Name,
my purest joys are set!
- 4 The weakness of our mortal frame
us perfect strength denies,
Yet thou, O Lord, our weak attempts,
with scorn wilt not despise.
- 5 As on the morning of this day
death him could not confine;
So on our darken'd Souls with light
O gracious Spirit shine.
- 6 Let the dumb sing, the dead arouse,
The weak O strengthen, Lord;
The wither'd plant it's head erect,
that fruit it may afford.
- 7 To thee, O Father, for thy love,
our thanks we all bestow,
In that thy kind, almighty ear
Hath never let us go.
- 8 In that from infancy our life
unto this new-born day;
Ev'n in the dark and gloomy road
has felt the chearful ray.
- 9 Altho' on every careless hand
us dangers did surround,

- Yet in thy strength, O Jesus sweet,
a speedy help was found.
- 10 And shall not love our breasts inflame?
and joy cheer our face?
And shall not we with ardour seek
new rich supplies of grace?
- 11 Upon this day, O powerful God,
Renew us in thy love;
And let us taste some of those sweets
that fill the saints above.
- 12 Even us who now so distant stand,
us graciously bring nigh;
And comfort every troubled breast,
dispel the irksome sigh.
- 13 Let Sin it's haggard head conceal,
and be afraid to look:
Let Envy's sharp envenom'd tooth
be wholly rooted out.
- 14 And let, O Lord, fair Virtue's friends
increase still more and more:
And let all men with speed forsake
the ill's thou dost abhor.
- 15 So shall the voice of horrid War
no more our ears assail;
And so shall peace quickly return
to Britain's favour'd isle.
- 16 O thou Supreme! who in thy hand
the reins of nature holds,
Take pity, O almighty God,
upon our thinning folds.
- 17 No more let famine's direful voice
be heard in this our land;
No more let want the Poor attack;
may plenty fill their hand.

F I N I S.

